

**GREEN
HORNET
COMICS**



NO.
30

ON THE
AIR
IN THE
MOVIES

GREEN HORNET

COMICS

10¢
PER
COPY



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"Let me show **YOU** too, HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF **COMMANDO-TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says **George F. Jowett**
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"I have learned a great deal from Jowett's system...
Jowett's system is the greatest in the world...
Jowett's system is the greatest in the world..."



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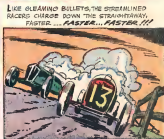
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GREEN HORNET

THOUSANDS CHEER
AND DAREDEVIL DRIVERS
SEND THEIR STREAMLING
JUGGERNAUTS RACING DOWN
THE STRAIGHTAWAY... BUT, UNDER
IS A SNEAKY CAR, LEADING THE
MOTORCADE... BEHIND ITS WHEEL, A
DARK SHADOW! ONLY THE GREEN
HORNET, CRIME SMASHER, BEYOND
THE LAW, CENSORS THE DRAIN
PULSE... ONLY HE
LEAVES THE TERRIBLE
SECRET OF
"DEATH AT
THE FINISH LINE!"







ON AN ABANDONED LIVERY STABLE
ON A DESERTED STREET...THE
DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND OUT
INTO THE NIGHT ROARS THE
SLEEK, SUPER-CHARGED
BLACK BEAUTY!











MORNING... DAY OF THE 1000 MILE SPEEDWAY CLASSIC... EXCITED, CHATTERING FANS JAM-PACK THE GRANDSTANDS!



WILE IN THE PIT SECTION...

YEAH, HE GOT TOLD FIRST SO HE ASKED ME TO SUB FOR HIM... OKAY?

IT'S GOT TO BE OKAY! I NEED A DRIVER 'TAD 'N



WAIT A MINUTE... YOU WERE FORGETTIN' YOUR CRASH HAT!

YOU'RE WRONG, THIS I COULDN'T FORGET IT! YOU JUST CAN'T FORGET DEATH!



I CAN SEE THE ASHLEY ARROW NOW! THE DRIVER, WHOEVER HE IS, HAS PLENTY OF NERVE! TWO MEN HAVE DRIVEN THAT CAR! TODAY WILL SEE HIM BEAT THAT JUNK... OR BAIL!



THE STARTING FLAG IS LOWERED! MOTORING THUNDER INTO LIFE! THE RACE IS ON!!



80... 90... 120 MILES PER HOUR... HARRIS TURN'S AT BATAVICK SPEED! DAREDEVIL DRIVERS 'OL SMOKE! THE DROVE OF SCORCH!



ON... ON... REFUEL AT THE 205 LIP... LUNGING ON AGAIN... REFUEL AT 425 LAPS... AND NOW JOCKEYING FOR POSITION!



FASTER... FASTER... THE HOT 5 LIP... LAST LAP COMING UP... LAST LAP!



And it comes... a whining sound... stabbing and piercing his very skull!



NOW I KNOW... A SOUND THAT MAKES A MAN GO MAD... MY HEAD... NO... GOT TO FIGHT IT!

SOUND... CUTTING, TEARING, STABBING THAT CRAZY RITCH LOOPER... **LOUDER...**



OH MY GOD, IT'S GETTING WORSE... TAKE THE HELMET OFF... NO, REMEMBER THE OTHERS!

EYES STONY GRIM... GEARED WITH PAIN... WHEEL IN HANDS LIKE AN IRON VISE! THIS MAN POSSESSES THE WILL POWER OF A TITAN!



AND THE CAR LUNGES AHEAD, PASSES THE METEOR... **TO WIN!**



THANKS FOR WINNING OLD MAN, YOU LOOK A BIT GROSSER... IS SOMETHING WRONG?



PLENTY! JUST TAKE A LOOK INSIDE THIS HELMET!... A FLAT RECEIVER MADE TO FOLLOW THE SHAPE OF THE HELMET! IT PICKS UP A SIGHT WAVE RAY AND CONDUCTS THE SOUND RIGHT INTO THE SKULL!



THAT TERRIBLE SOUND ACTUALLY MADE TWO MEN KILL THEMSELVES... AND IT ALMOST KILLED ME!... AND THERE'S YOUR WUNDERB... GIVE BOOY THE MECHANIC!

BLAST YOU... YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

BUT EVEN AS THE RACER ROCKETED AWAY... ANOTHER CAR THUNDERS ONTO THE TRACK... **BLACK BEAUTY!**



MOUNTING THE CAR, REID
PEELS OFF HIS MAKEUP TO
DON THE GUISSE OF THE
GREEN HORNET!

SPEED IT UP KATO,
AND WE'LL CORNER
THAT RAT!

NO! IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!
NO CAR CAN BEAT THE
ARROW!

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK

**YOU MURDERING
RAT !!!**

**HELP! I THINK MY
LEG IS BROKEN! I
CAN'T STAND THE
PAIN!**

**I'LL HELP
YOU TO
THE CHAIR!**

**HELP ME! I'LL DO ANYTHING!
I'LL CONFESS! I DID THE SHOT
HARD TRANSMITTER IN THE PIT!
IT MADE DOUGH BY BETTING
ON THE ARROW TO WIN!...
— I GOT BETTER
ODDS!**

**HERE COME THE
POLICE... THEY'LL BE
GLAD TO HELP
YOU REWARD
BARS!**

**NEXT MORNING, THE OFFICE OF
THE "DAILY SENTINEL" /**

**YEAH, MR. REID YOU WON'T
BE IN THE OFFICE TODAY...
— YOU'VE GOT A SUAPT
HEADACHE? /**

**SUFFERIN' SNAKES!
THE GREEN HORNET IS
MIXED UP IN THE BIGGEST
STORY YET... AND HE'S
SUCK! WHAT A
NEWSPAPERMAN!**

DAY DAY A MODEL WEST POINT CADET, GARY BLAKELY BECOMES THE FEAR OF EVIL BY NIGHT WHEN HE BATTLES CRIME AS THE

SPiRiT of '76



AS SENIORS, GARY AND HIS BIL, TUBBY REYNOLDS, ARE GIVEN FLYING INSTRUCTION AND AFTER THEIR PRE-COMBAT TRAINING ARE READY FOR TRANSITION.

GENTLEMEN, YOUR TRAINING IS ALMOST COMPLETE BUT DON'T LET IT MAKE YOU RELAX FOR A MOMENT! YOU CAN STILL WASH OUT! YOUR NEW SCHEDULES ARE ON THE BULLETIN BOARD! THAT'S ALL, GENTLE MEN.



WOH! THE OLD MAN SURE IS AN IRON PANTS! I'D HATE TO GET WFO TROUBLE! NOW WE'D GET WASHED OUT IN A JIFFY!



GO AHEAD! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU... I'VE GOT TO RUN OVER TO OPERATIONS FIRST!

OHAY! I'LL SEE YA!



W, HANDSOME! GOT A MATCH?



WUH? OH, Y-YEAH...

SAY! YOU'RE KINDA CUTE! REY? I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE SUSAN REYNOLDS' BROTHER, TUBBY! I MET YOU YEARS AGO!



Y-YEAH! DUH...

I--I GOTTA GO-- SLP! S-SO LONG!

I'VE BEEN THANKS FOR THE LIGHT, PRECIOUS!





I TOLD YA TO CUT OUT FLIRTIN'! JUST BECAUSE WE AIN'T MARRIED OUR MARRIAGE KNOWN AIN'T NO REASON YA GOTTA KEEP ACTIN' LIKE A...

SHUT UP! YOU'RE NOT OVIN' ME ORDERS ANY MORE, SEE? I'M GOING BY OWN WAY NOW, SEE?



OKAY! OKAY! KEEP IT UP! BUT I'M WARNIN' YA, LUCY--YER STILL MY WIFE IN IF YA DONT CUT IT OUT ILL--ILL KILL YOU!

HA! THAT'S A LAUGH! BEAT! HERE COMES SUSAN REYNOLDS



LUCILLE BANKS! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN AGES! HOW ARE YOU, DARLING?

SUSAN! SUSAN DARL! YOU'VE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?



I'M WAITING FOR TUBBY AND HIS FRIEND GARY... SAY! MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN US! WE'RE GOING UP TO GRAND-PERE'S FOR THE WEEK--END!

WHY, DARLING! TO JUST LOVE TO!



WE BOTH FLY NOW--IN A 25 AND AT HQ! FOUR AYEM YOU START CHECKING OUT IN A 3-TWO FOUR!

HA! HA! VERY FLUNKY! AN! LET'S GO 'N' GET THIS FLIGHT COKE!



HU! IS THE 25 FOR REYNOLDS AND BLANKET READY?

ALL SET, MISTER! TAKE 'ER OFF WHEN YOU WANT!



SHE LOOKS TIP-TOE! GARY! LET'S GO!

YEAH! OKAY!

I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE CIVILIAN MECHANICS WORKING ON ARMY--KEY! WHAT'S THAT DROPPING OUT OF HIS POCKET?



HEY! LET'S GO! I WANNA HAVE SOME TIME OFF THIS WEEK-END!



TOWER, THIS IS ARMY SEVEN FIVE/ARE WE CLEARED FOR TAKE OFF? I ROGER/OUT/OKAY/LET'S GO



HAPPY LANDINGS, SUCKERS! MEBBE LUCKY'LL LEARN HER LESSON WHEN THEY DIS' YOU OUT OF THE GROUND! I'LL SHOW HER!



THREE HUNDRED FIFTY-- FOUR HUN--TUB--OUR STARBOARD ENGINES' STUCKING! THE PROPS STOPPED! PULL UP! PULL UP!



PULL IT UP! PULL UP THAT WING, TUB!
I-I AM! P-PULL YOURSELF!



EASY! LOOK OUT! THAT PYLON! OLP! MHOON!

SET 'ER DOWN TUB! THERE!



EASY!--EASY!--PERFECT! NICE GOIN', TUB!
OH--I-IT'S NOTHIN'! I DO THIS EVERY DAY! GULP!



BOY! WE SURE WERE LUCKY!

YEAH--BUT I'M JUST WONDERIN'--



NOW WHAT?--DIRTY WORK?

I DON'T KNOW! THIS, PLUS THAT FOLL OUT OF THAT MECHANIC'S ROCKET JUST FITS THE COOLING SYSTEM OUTLET--IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT OR--LISTEN! DO MAKE THE REPORT! I WANT TO SEE THAT MECHANIC!



THERE HE GOES! AYE? AYE!
OH! OH, HELLO, GARY! COME HERE, I WANT YOU TO MEET AN OLD FRIEND!



LUCILLE BANKS, MAY I PRESENT CASSET REYNOLDS MY... GARY!
YOU'RE NOT LISTENING!

G-OH! I'M SORRY! HOW? YOU DO? DARN IT! I MISSED HIM!



WE'RE ALL SET, GARY! WE JUST HAVE TO MAKE A REPORT AT BASE.

OFF! OH! GALL! H-HELLO!

WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T LOOK SO SCARED! I WON'T BITE YOU -- AND IF I DID IT MAKE YOU LIKE IT, PRECIOUS!



FEW HOURS LATER... CLEARED OF THE ACCIDENT, THE BOYS, SUSAN AND LUCILLE GO TO THE REYNOLDS' LONG ISLAND HOME...

VINCE! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!



I TOLD YA IT AIN'T FITTIN' FER A MAN'S WIFE TO GO PLAYIN' AROUND! NOW YOU COME WITH ME!

LET ME GO! I'LL DO AS I PLEASE!

OH! OH! I BETTER TELL SUSAN! WHAT ABOUT THIS!



T-THERE'S NO ONE HERE! DO YOU THINK SHE LEFT?

COULD BE! HE WAS PRETTY MAD!



S-S... IS LUCILLE -- IS -- MARRIED?

YOU'RE WRONG, SUSAN! SHE IS MARRIED!

AH HA! NO... NOT THAT I KNOW OF! SHE -- OH! H, GARY!



AND HER HUSBAND'S OUT IN THE GARDEN RAISING CANS AND BLAMING US FOR HER RUNNING AROUND WED BETTER SQUARE IT!

OH GOSH! YES! COME ON!



S-SHE'S DEAD! STRANGLER!

GOOD LORD! SUSAN! LISTEN! DON'T CALL THE POLICE FOR AN HOUR! TUB, YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO THE FIELD.

FOR YOUR FLIGHT AND MAKE PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING! IF WE GET INVOLVED IN THIS NOW WE'LL BOTH GET WASHED OUT! I'M GOING LOOKING FOR THAT HUSBAND OF HERS! AND, SUSAN, YOU COVER UP! WE WEREN'T HERE! NOW LET'S GO!

R-ROGER! WILCO!

8 SEEMS TUE ON HIS WAY AND FURTHER COMING SUSAN WANT TO TELL THE POLICE, SARY JUSARS TO HIS ROOM AND QUICKLY STARTS CHANGING CLOTHES

I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT HUSBAND BEFORE THE POLICE START BLAMING SUSAN --AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT / AND THAT'S AS THE --



THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T ESCAPE / IT WAS ALL HIS FAULT / IF HE HADN'T BEEN AROUND LUCY WOULDN'T OF ACTED UP IN MADE ME JEALOUS --IT'S HIS FAULT IN HE'S GOIN TO PAY!



SPIRIT OF '76!



MEANWHILE AT THE ARMY AIR FIELD 0100

YOU CAN KNOCK OFF, JOE! I'LL FINISH CHECKING THIS PLANE --IT'S THE ONE CAPT REYNOLDS IS SCHEDULED FOR, ISN'T IT?



YEAH, VINCE... AND THANKS! G'NIGHT!

NO HOURS LATER--0900--

AT LAST I'VE CAUGHT UP TO HIM / THIS TIME HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY!



OH NO! NO YOU DON'T, BROTHER! YOU'VE I HAVE A BONE TO PICK OVER!



--AND IT'S GOING TO BE MY KNUCKLE BONES IN YOUR SKULL BONE!

0315--AT THE FIELD, TUB DRESSED AND READY GOES OUT TO THE HUBS B-24 WHERE HIS INSTRUCTOR IS ALREADY WAITING--



HI! ALL SET?

I'M LIEUTENANT ELLIOT! FIRST, FORGET ALL YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT B-TWO FOURS! THEY ARE SO A GOOD AIRPLANE! THEY EVEN FLY! WELL, IT'S THREE TWENTY--LET'S RUN THROUGH A COCKPIT CHECK AND THEN GET THE ENGINES STARTED!

YES SIR!



TIME 0320--
FIRST--I SHUT OFF THE IGNITION!



HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING LOOK OUT!



TIME 0324--



SILLY BOY! I TOLD YOU TO WATCH OUT!



HI! WHO KILLED YOUR WIFE? IN WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE HANGAR?



TIME 0340--

HOW DO YOU WANT MORE OR WILL YOU TALK?

I'LL TALK! QUIT! I KILLED HER! AND I PLANTED A BOMB SO THAT WHEN REYNOLDS STARTS ENGINE FOUR IT'LL BLOW 'EM TO KINGDOM COME!









WE'RE SORRY... IF YOU MISSED OUT ON THE FIRST ISSUE OF **STUNTMAN COMICS!** DUE TO YOUR GRAND RECEPTION OF STUNTMAN... WE WERE UNABLE TO SATISFY THE TERRIFIC DEMAND... *Therefore...* **WE URGE** YOU TO MAKE SURE YOU GET THESE SENSATIONAL STUNTMAN STORIES!

CLOSE YOUR WINDOWS! LOCK YOUR DOORS!
The PANDA'S LOOSE!

IT ALL BEGAN WITH A BUD NO BIGGER THAN THE TIP OF YOUR TAIL... AND ENDED WITH MADNESS ON "TERROR ISLAND"! BUT SOMEBODY IN BETWEEN... WAS SPANNED... THE PANDA!
SOME PEOPLE SAY HE'S CUTE... UNTIL THEY BECOME HIS VICTIMS!
YOU'LL SHUDDER AND GASP AS COMIC-DOWNS MOST MENACING VILLAIN CLAWS HIS WAY THROUGH THE MOST TERRIFYING EVENTS EVER EXPERIENCED BY
STUNTMAN!

STUNTMAN STARS IN...
"BEST CURE FOR CRIME!"



ISSUE
NO.
3

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER NOW TO RESERVE

HERE IS
WHAT YOU'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR...

**SIMON-KIRBY'S
NEW SMASH-ACTION
KID STRIP!**

YOU'LL LIVE EVERY
BREATH-TAKING
MOMENT WITH THESE
RASCALS OF
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Plus...

THE GREATEST COLLECTION
OF THRILLING FEATURES
EVER JAM-PACKED INTO
ONE COMIC MAGAZINE



Ask FOR THIS GREAT FIRST ISSUE



TWINKLE TWIN'S



BOARD UP YOUR WINDOWS!
BOLT YOUR DOORS!
BOMBO, THE GORILLA, IS AT
LARGE! DAN AND DANA
TWINKLE AND THEIR FRIENDS
MEET THE MOST FEROCIOUS
ADVERSARY OF THEIR CAREERS
WHEN--

"BOMBO GOES BERSERK"

STEP RIGHT UP LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN! COME ONE, COME
ALL! THE CARNIVAL HAS JUST
COME TO TOWN!



NEXT TO TH' SOKUS, I LIKE
CARNIVAL'S BITTERN
ANYTHIN' I GOT

GOES FOR ME
TODAY! BOY
DE FREEZE
CUSTARD SURE
IS GOOD!



CHEER!
LOOK!
DE!

HOLD'S STRONGEST
MAN, BAY PHAW!

SEE TERRY
WRESTLE
BOMBO,
THE
LARGEST
AND MOST
FEROCIOUS
GORILLA A
CAPTIVITY!











THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER:

BLACK BEAUTY MEETS A CHALLENGE

Through the heavy fog, the pilot boat crept, towards the rusty hulk of the ancient tramp steamer. Over the steamer's rail, its ancient, weatherbeaten skipper leaned, puffing an equally ancient coraco. The fog shut off the rest of the harbor—an opaque, dirty veil enclosing both vessels. . .

The only sound was the steady chug of the pilotboat's engine as she came alongside. From her slippery deck, as she was made fast, the harbor pilot—clumsy in oilskins and boots—made ready to ascend the flimsy Jacob's Ladder dangling over the freighter's side.

In bored silence, the freighter captain waited, then he grunted unintelligibly as the puffing pilot swung aboard.

Amusement swept his leathery face as the pilot spun sharply about, a pistol in one hand—a monstrous looking gas mask sheathing his face beneath the sou'wester hood!

"Up! Up wit' them!" the pilot snapped! "This's a heist!"

Stunned, the freighter captain stood motionless. "Reach, I said!" the pilot snapped, his voice grating and muffled through the mask. And when the skipper still stood motionless, the pilot fired. Once. Twice. The pistol's muffled clamped its sound to a hiss, as the captain fell, dying. The pilot hooked an arm under the collapsing man, heaved hugely, and spilled him overboard.

Then, without lost motion, the pilot ran to the half-open crew's quarters, lifted an oil-skinned arm and tossed a sinister black object inside. For a moment, he waited, listening. A few choked gasps came from below, a whisp of gas, then all was quiet inside. . .

* * *

Eagle-high, in his office above the metropolis, famed crusading publisher, Britt Reid,

bent low over the teletype ribbon as it clattered monotonously. With caught breath, he read the news flash: 'FREIGHTER MYSTERIOUSLY ATTACKED IN CITY HARBOR! PIRATES MAKE OFF WITH GOLD CARGO! DETAILS FOLLOWING * * *

"Pirates!" Reid snapped erect. "In this day and age? Is it possible?" He stared out his office windows towards the busy harbor clearly visible in the day's sharp sunshine.

Then he leaped into swift action. "Stop the presses," he bellowed into his inter-office phone. "Hold Page One for a new lead story!" Britt Reid dialed his home, and when Kato's softly-accented voice replied, Reid whispered: "Bring Black Beauty, Kato. Ten minutes—at the usual place!" He tore out of his office.

. . . Minutes later, as Black Beauty, super-car of the notorious green-garbed outlaw, Green Hornet, slid to a stop, Britt Reid leaped aboard. As Kato skillfully piloted the sleek machine harbor-wise, within, amazing transformation came to Britt Reid, revealing him as GREEN HORNET!

"Step on it, Kato!" he snapped, and the super-car picked up speed. . .

* * *

In the dingy ship-chandler's warehouse, the hard-faced men lolled indolently about the table, idly eating, smoking, looting at the loot of the previous day's haul.

Then, one spoke: "Well, Boss—when d'we pull our next job?"

The pilot grinned. He ran his eyes over the wooden cases overflowing with gold bullion in the far corner of the warehouse, and growled. "T'night, men—T'NIGHT!"

They all grinned evilly back, waiting for his next words.

He didn't disappoint them. "The QUEEN MAY's due on the high tide," he said, softly, "carrying one million dollars worth of diamonds. And I'm supposed to pilot her in through the Narrows. But instead—" he held aloft a gas bomb, "we've got to do a little heisting, eh, boys? Eh?" They all grinned.

• • •

"It's no use, Kato," Green Hornet sighed. "We've scoured the waterfront and not a lead . . . nothing! But I've got a feeling lightning CAN strike again, in the same place!" He leaped forward and peered through the windshield as fog swirled low over the pier on which Black Beauty was parked.

"Perhaps, Missa Britt," Kato answered, "but why we wait here?"

"Remember that article I did for my paper . . . on that shipment of diamonds recovered from the Germans . . .?"

Suddenly, Kato shared the outlaw's excitement. "Oh yes, yes! And you surmise that these harbor pirates will—"

"Exactly, Kato! And if you'll stare straight ahead—the fog's lifted a bit—you'll see a big ship anchored out there . . . the QUEEN MAY! And if my hunch is correct—"

Abruptly, a piercing ship's whistle rent the night. In long sustained blasts, it screamed its warning across the waters! Muffled shoes followed in swift succession and a faint scream!

"Kato! LOOK! Gun-flashes up from that small boat pulling away from under the QUEEN . . . I WAS RIGHT! IT IS THE HARBOR PIRATES—AND THEY'VE STRUCK AGAIN!"

"But what can we do, Missa Britt," Kato cried. "They are in a boat—and we are on land!"

For an agonizing moment, Green Hornet felt lost—for even as he sat, helpless, out in

the harbor the pilot-boat was picking up speed. Then he snapped his fingers. "I've got it, Kato! There's a wooden drawbridge down a-ways that spans the Narrows! Their boat'll have to pass underneath! COME ON, KATO! STEP ON IT!"

. . . In the boat as it approached the drawbridge, the pilot and his men laughed with glee for the diamond haul sprawled about their feet was glitteringly intoxicating. "One million," the pilot kept repeating as he patted the huge jewel sacks. "One million, boy!"

And then the boat paused directly beneath the drawbridge. Up on its roadway, other henchmen waited for the jewel-sacks to be passed up to them and into the waiting car . . . waiting for the get-away.

Hand-over-hand the heavy sacks were passed up from the boat below, when the roar of a powerful motor was heard approaching. IT WAS BLACK BEAUTY! SUPER-CAR OF THE GREEN HORNET!!

"Open the bridge!" the pilot shrieked in alarm. "OPEN IT—QUICK! He's on the other side—he'll never get us!"

The hood operating the draw, yanked the lever and slowly, suspensefully, the bridge parted. Just then, Black Beauty began racing along the bridge. Within, Hornet cried. "We've got to chance it, Kato! Give it all you've got! WE'RE GOING TO SPAN THE OPEN DRAW—IF WE HAVE TO MAKE BEAUTY FLY!" And as the bridge opened further, Black Beauty scoured through the air, soared over empty space!

Hornet opened the car door and leaped down—down onto the boat dock as bullets drilled death all about him! Lively landing, he smashed forward with rocky fists as the enraged pilot and gang charged forward! There was wild melee on the rocking boat and as they came at him from all sides, Hornet fired his famed gas gun!

In seconds' time, the harbor pirates lay sprawled . . . unconscious at his feet. "All right, Kato!" he called. "Come help me lug this sack away—then call the police! I've got an extra to get out — TONIGHT!"

MIGHTY MIDGETS









3 very funny comics



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YOU'LL LAUGH AT THE SILLY CLOWN AND HIS GAY PAL, ONE OF THE MOST ENJOYABLE COMICS YOU CAN READ!



NUTTY—THE BUSY LITTLE SQUIRREL WHO WILL STEAL YOUR HEART! EVERYONE LOVES HIM AND HIS FUNNY STORIES!

GET THEM ALL AT YOUR NEWSDEALER!

Sensational **HOLLYWOOD STAR TURNS TERROR!**

THE COMIC BOOK THAT TOPS ALL COMICS!

THE BLACK CAT

FOLLOW THE TRAIL WITH BLACK CAT AS SHE TRANSFORMS FROM HOLLYWOOD'S GLAMOROUS SWEETHEART TO THE DREAD ENEMIES OF CRIME!



DICK HOGAN
THE FISHED
NEWS REPORTER!



LINDA TURNER
GLAMOROUS
MOVIE STAR!

HERE
LACTING FROM
PAGES OF
**ACTION
ADVENTURE
& MYSTERY!**



HELLO FOLKS!

IT'S A PRIVILEGE AND A PLEASURE TO PLAY THE ROLE OF BLACK CAT IN MY NEW, SENSATIONAL "BLACK CAT COMIC BOOK" **WATCH FOR ME...**

I'LL BE SEEING YOU FROM NOW ON ...

GET YOUR COPY NOW!



The Black Cat APPEARS REGULARLY IN HER OWN BOOK **"BLACK CAT COMICS"** Look For Her at your favorite Newsstand!

SACRIFICE



THIS IS THE STORY OF ENSION JONES, AN ORDINARY AMERICAN WITH AN ORDINARY NAME, FROM AN ORDINARY TOWN. HE PROBABLY LIVED RIGHT IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD AND NEEDED TO YOU AS YOU PASSED IN THE STREET....JUST ANOTHER GUY, AND WHAT HE DID IS THE LOGICAL THING THAT ANY ORDINARY AMERICAN WOULD DO, ALL OF WHICH, HOWEVER, ADDS UP TO THE *EXTRAORDINARY!*

HEY, EDSIE! WATCH YOUR TAIL! I'VE JUST COMING IN AT TEN O'CLOCK TO LIKE TO TAKE HIM, BUT I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL!

Oh, Jeez! Well, give the pretty lady a HOT RECEPTION!

ALL AMERICAN AIRCRAFT BACK TO YOUR CARRIERS! MISSION COMPLETED!

THAT'S AN AWESOME BACK PROGRAM! - HAT GUT THAT BABY!

WOW! THOSE MONKEYS DON'T LIKE TO SEE US GO HOME-- I'D BETTER TAKE IT ON THE LAN-- BUT FAST!





YAAAAA
GREAT G-DAMN! THEY GOT
BILLY B-BULLY AND Y-
HIM'S DEAD AND JOE AND
WILLIE UP FROM 'LL-LOON
LIKE I'M NINE!!



CLOUDS! JUST WHAT THE
DOCTOR ORDERED! THE
LIE BIT US, ALL RIGHT!



THIS IS COMMANDER
HAGG—HOLD YOUR
FIRE! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

BUT OUR THEN
HAGG'S DOG
WILL ESCAPE!



THAT IS
PROBABLY
MY PLAN! LET
HIM ESCAPE!
THIS, THE
TRAIL HIM TO
HIS AIRCRAFT
CRUISE, AND
BURN IT UP!
FOLLOW THE
WALLS, BUT
KEEP OUT
OF SIGHT!



I COULDN'T HAVE SHOWN
THEM THAT FIRST
WONDER IN-SEE THEY
— HUNT TO...?



TALK ABOUT BEARS! I
FOUNDED THEM NOT ME
FOR SURE, BUT ALL'S
CLEAR! MORE THE
HONEY HOLE! OUT
COUPLE OF BUCKS IN
IT! FOR BILLY AND
JOE!



OUR PLAN IS HORROR!
SOON WE SHALL MAKE
THE HANKE MURDERED
BY FOR THEIR SINS
UPON OUR BACKS GO!



WELL, I'LL BE BACK
BRINGING TONTS
WITH THE GUNS
IN FORTEN
LIVES— TID BAD
THEY GOT WILLIE
HE WAS A SMALL
BOY...



OH-OH THAT'S NO
FLOCK OF SEA-
GULLS!... I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN IT
WAS TOO GOOD TO
BE TRUE...



IT'S NOT SO BAD GOING DOWN IN BATTLE--HAPPENS TOO FAST TO HURT... BUT TO SIT AND WAIT FOR IT TO COME--AND THINK ABOUT THINGS...THAT'S NOT SO EASY...I ENVY BILLY NOW--

THE PASSER, AND THEN--

WE HAVE ALONG THESE HUNDRED MILES, HONORABLE COMMANDER! IF HE DO NOT TURN BACK HERE HE WILL NOT HAVE ENOUGH GAS TO RETURN, AND HE WILL ALL DIE!

YES I KNOW ARE AN AMERICAN BOSS OR SOME SONG OF HIRON? THESE OF OUR AIR-CRAFT IS A CHEAP PRICE TO PAY FOR DESTROYING A WARRIOR CARRIER--HE FOLLOW THAT AMERICAN PLANE TO ITS CARRIER!



COMMANDER HADN! BREAKING OUT THE WARRIOR DOGS TO BOMB!



WHAT DO I EVER GO TO DESERVE THAT IF I'M GOING TO DIE, WHY CAN'T I DIE AND GET IT OVER WITH! LEFT 4TH BOMB LIKE BLAZED... MUST BE BROKEN!



I DON'T KNOW WHY I FEEL EMBARRASSED ABOUT COMING... NOBODY'S HERE TO SEE US... WHAT A Lousy WAY TO DIE! NOT TO BE ABLE TO SAW GOODBYE TO ANYBODY, NOT TO BE ABLE TO WRITE A LETTER HOME, NOT TO BE ABLE-- THERE DOES THE MOTOR--OUT OF GAS! THANK GOD! HOLD TIGHT, JOHNNY... ANYTIME IT'S HEAVEN TONIGHT--



I'M A FOOL! THAT WARRIOR MUST HAVE KNOWN HE WERE FOLLOWING HIM BACK TO HIS CARRIER AND HE DELIBERATELY LED US OUT TO SEA, AWAY FROM HIS SHIP!



HERE THEY COME! LOOKS LIKE THE BOMB FINALLY DIDN'T WORK-- OOH-H-H!



WAY YOUR BLACK BOLL REST IN A SHARK'S BELLY!

ALAS, IT WAS NO VICTORY! I HAVE GIVEN 2 PLANES FOR ONE... OUR FUEL TOO, IS EXHAUSTED, AND WE WILL MEET OUR DOOM--





ZEBRA



WHEN A RARE TROPICAL VIRUS SMITES A DAZZLINGLY BRILLIANT MENTAL GIANT...AND MAKES OF HIM A WALKING GHOUL...AND WHEN DEATH SLIPS OFF ITS DISGUISE TO REVEAL THE FACE OF FATE, THEN IT IS CERTAINLY TIME FOR THE STRIPED STRIKER FOR RIGHT...AGILE ZEBRA... TO DESTROY....

"THE PHANTOM PHILTRE"



"WHEN JUSTICE'S
WIPING STRUCTURE,
HOWEVER--AS A TENSE
COURTROOM BATES
BREATH--"



"--A PAYED CRIMINAL LAWYER
MAKES AN IMPASSIONED DEFENSE."

"YOUR HONOR, I
SUBMIT THAT TO
ELECTROCUTE MY CLIENT'S
TUSKINGING JUSTICE
OUTRAGEOUSLY!"



"ANYLLER...
AND ON WHAT
DO YOU BASE
THAT OPINION,
MR. COYLE?"

"WITH YOUR PERMISSION--HERE
IS WHAT I BASE MY OPINION
UPON, YOUR HONOR! LISTEN!"



"I'LL GO BACK TO THE BEGINNING...A MONTH
AGO WHEN NO ONE IN TOWN FEARED MY CLUB,
OR DIABOL! THE SCENE--A BUSY EATOMAT
RESTAURANT--"



"--THEN IT HAPPENED! AND WITHOUT
WARNING--"



"Y-YEOWWWW!!
I-I'M BEING
P-POISONED..."

"--PAIN! SPREAD AS MORE AND
MORE PEOPLE COLLAPSED--"

"YAAAAA--
I-I-GASPS--
RUN!
F-FOODS!
THE P-POOD'S
BEEN POISONED!"



"--NEXT IT WAS HORRIBLE! LIKE
BATS FROM A DOOMED SHIP, THE
PATRONS FOUGHT TO FLEE--
BUT WERE TRAPPED TO DEATH!"



"POISON! HELP!
AMBULANCE! DOCTOR!
YEOWWWW!"

"--THE CITY PAPERS BLARED
THE SENSATIONAL STORY--SOON
THE WHOLE TOWN SPoke
OF NOTHING ELSE!"



THAT YOUR HONOR, WAS HOW IT ALL BEGAN... EXACTLY ONE MONTH AGO! ONE DAY LATER... I FOUND MYSELF--I--JOHN DOYLE... INVOLVED IN THIS CASE--! A MAN CAME TO MY OFFICE-- A STRANGE MAN--



"MY SECRETARY, MARY BIRNELL, AND I, WERE CAUGHT WITH OUR BACKS TURNED WITHOUT US BEHIND HIS FACE, HE SPoke--"

"YOUR HONOR, I WAS HELP-- LIVES! I STOOD AND LISTENED AS HIS HARD METALLIC VOICE SPoke AGAIN--"

I AM THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTIST! I SAY THIS WITHOUT FALSE BOASTING! BUT I AM IN GREAT TROUBLE, AND EVEN GREATER DANGER!

JOHN DOYLE, YOU ARE THE WORLD'S GREATEST LAWYER! THEREFORE I COME TO YOU--I NEED HELP! I REPEAT: I AM IN THE GREATEST DANGER!

REALLY? HE'S GOT A GUN, WHOEVER HE IS! HMM... BETTER STAY PUT FOR NOW!

DANGER! WAH... DANGER FROM WHAT? FROM WHO?



FROM MYSELF! TURN YOUR HEADS! AH... YOU SHUDDER! NO WONDER, DOYLE! I'M QUICKLY GROWING MAD!



"MARY, MY SECRETARY, TURNED, AND NEARLY Fainted! I CONFESSED YOUR HONOR... SHIVERS SHOOK MY BONES, TOO-- AND THEN--?"

YOU STILL WONDER WHY I COME TO YOU? DOYLE, I'M SUFFERING FROM A TROPICAL DISEASE UP TO NOW! I'LL PROBABLY DIE--

B-BUT GOOD HEAVENS, MARY-- HOW'D YOU-- I



"He EXPLAINED... AND AS HE TALKED HE NODD... IT WAS QUANTLY--"

FIVE YEARS AGO I TRAVELED INTO THE AMAZON JUNGLE, DOYLE-- SEARCHING FOR A LARGE DEPOSIT OF GADOLIN--BUT I BECAME ILL-- FOR YEARS I HANDED LIKE AN ANIMAL... EATING BLOOD AND SCOTS CONSUMED BY THIS STRANGE DISEASE! FINALLY, I MANAGED TO RETURN HOME--AND--(GROB)--



A-A-HA HA--HAAA-- WH--HHA-- OH--OH--!



"HE MISSED! A SECOND LATER I DASHED OUT INTO THE HALL--"

MARY! STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I'LL GET THAT MADMAN! OH! HE'S GONE--!





THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM! THAT IS UNTIL THE GREAT MAN WHO ENTERED THE CASE, TURNED HIM OVER TO ME!

YOU MEAN ZEBRA? BUT WELL, WHERE IS ZEBRA? WE'RE ENTITLED TO HEAR HIS EVIDENCE--PRODUCE HIM!



WHO COULD PRODUCE ZEBRA! NO...GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY I CANNOT PRODUCE ZEBRA! WHO HE IS, WHERE LIVES, NO ONE KNOWS, BUT I'LL ONLY TELL YOU WHAT ZEBRA TOLD ME!

VERY WELL! PROCEED MR. DOLLE, WE'LL BELIEVE YOU!



"--ZEBRA TOLD ME HE DECIDED TO TRACK DOWN THE BERSERK KILLER WHO'D POISONED THE BATHMATS! FOOO! HE PROWLED THE NIGHT--"

ONE LITTLE CLUE... WHO? YES, WHO? WHO?



"--BUT EVEN AS MIGHTY ZEBRA PROWLED AS HE LATER TOLD ME...IN CITY RAIL STATION...DEATH WAS ALREADY REACHING FOR NEW VICTIMS..."



"--AND DEATH REACHED OUT FROM AN EATONIC SOUT DRINK VINDOES!"

I-I--GASH GASH! --SCOWW!

WAA-- IT'S POISONED!

THOSE PEOPLE! LORD ABOVE, A-LOOK--!



"--ONCE AGAIN THE HORRIBLE ELDER OF EVIL HAD CAUSED TRAGEDY! THERE WAS PLINY!"

CALL AN AMBULANCE!

IT'S ALREADY DEAD!

GASHLY IT'S GASHLY GASHLY!



"--WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE ZEBRA THEN OF COURSE DON'T KNOW! NO ONE KNEW--ON THE SCENARIOS, RAD BERN CLIVES!"

I FAILED AGAIN!



"--HIS KEEN SAYS CATCHING SCREAMS--ZEBRA APPEARED ON THE SCENE--SPECTACULARLY AS ALWAYS--"

NOW, WHAT IN THUNDER IS MASHO--OH! DOWN YOU GO, FELLOW!

HEY! FOR PETER CASE! LOOK! HE'S ZEBRA!

ZEBRA! THOSE
POLKS OVER THERE
ARE DEAD--BEEN
POISONED!

FIRST THING,
FIRST I'LL HAVE
A LOOK-SEE--

KILLED
RIGHT OVER
AS THEY WERE
DRINKING
BOOA POP DO
SOMETHING
ZEBRA!

"-IT WAS OBVIOUSLY POISON THAT
HAD DONE THE JOB, ZEBRA! TOLD
ME LATER--THERE WASN'T ANY SORT
OF MARK ON THE DEAD!"

FOUR! IT OUT,
NET, ZEBRA!

PERHAPS...JYHHA,
I'LL TAKE THIS ALONG
WITH ME-- CALL THE
POLICE, I'M LEAVING!

HELL, HELL, WHAT'D ZEBRA DO
AFTER THAT
MR. DOOLE!

HE ANALYZED
THE BOOA POP
WITH THE HELP OF A
CHEMIST! HE FOUND IT
CONTAINED AN AMAZONIAN
ROOT PLANT. HE CAME TO
ME AND TOLD ME... IN MY
MIND--SOMETHING CLICKED!



"I REMEMBERED THE STRANGE VIST OF DELICABLE...
AND WHAT DOOLE HAD SAID ABOUT HIS TROPICAL
DRESSING: IT MADE SENSE! ZEBRA WAS BLATANT--
HE RAN OUT OF MY OFFICE, AND--"

"-HE USED THAT
NICKLE BOON OF
HIS--AND LOOKED
DELICABLE VIA THE
TELEPHONE DIRECTORY--A BLOWNY
TWO-STORY STRUCTURE!"



WHAT'S THAT! I THOUGHT I
HEARD A NOISE--LIKE A WINDY
BLUING UP-- NO ONE IS HERE,
THOUGH--

I'M HERE,
DR. DOOLE--

WHO--I KNEW--
(GULP)--ZEBRA!

WHAT DO YOU WANT!
THE DOOR NOTHING--
I'M ONLY A
PODENTIST!

THEN...
DOCTOR
IF YOU'VE
DONE NOTHING,
WHY SHAKE LIKE A
MURDERER--I YOU
KNOW WHY I'M HERE!







BUT YOU WERE ALREADY THERE, DABOLE! WEREN'T YOU! YOU LAD! CAREFUL, PLANS! AND YOU WERE GOING TO CARRY THEM OUT! THANK HEAVEN FOR ZEBRA!

"... YOU, DABOLE, WERE PREPARING TO CHANGE THE RECORD OF A FAMOUS SCORPION BY ADDING THE DEVIL KNOWN NAME!"

"--AND AT THAT MOMENT INTO THE FLYING CLAWING BOTTLING WORKS--CAME THE ADLE ACCIDENT, ZEBRA!"

ERR...AHH...LET ME BE! SO AWAY--MAKE YOUR SPEECHES!

I CAN'T FAIL! I MUSTN'T! I MUSTN'T! IT'S MY ONLY HOPE!

HE'S HERE, SOMEWHERE! NOW WHERE CAN HE BE? O-OH!



Z-ZEBRA! YOU FOLLOWED ME!

CHECK! CARELESS OF YOU, MAKING THAT NOTE-BOOK ENTRY! BUT THEN--YOU THOUGHT TO BE PICKED BY NOW!

AND NOW--HOUSE IN THE PICKLE!

WITCHY--ACCURSED WITCHY DISEASE TAKE YOU!



"--THE ADLE NECESSITY LOST NO TIME HE CHARGED!"

THANKS! BUT I'LL TAKE YOU FIRST--

BACK! BACK! I SAY--BEFORE--O-OH!

(BOB)--BA-BACK!



